

The Scope



April, 1949



PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS SCHOOL OF OPTOMETRY

THE SCOPE



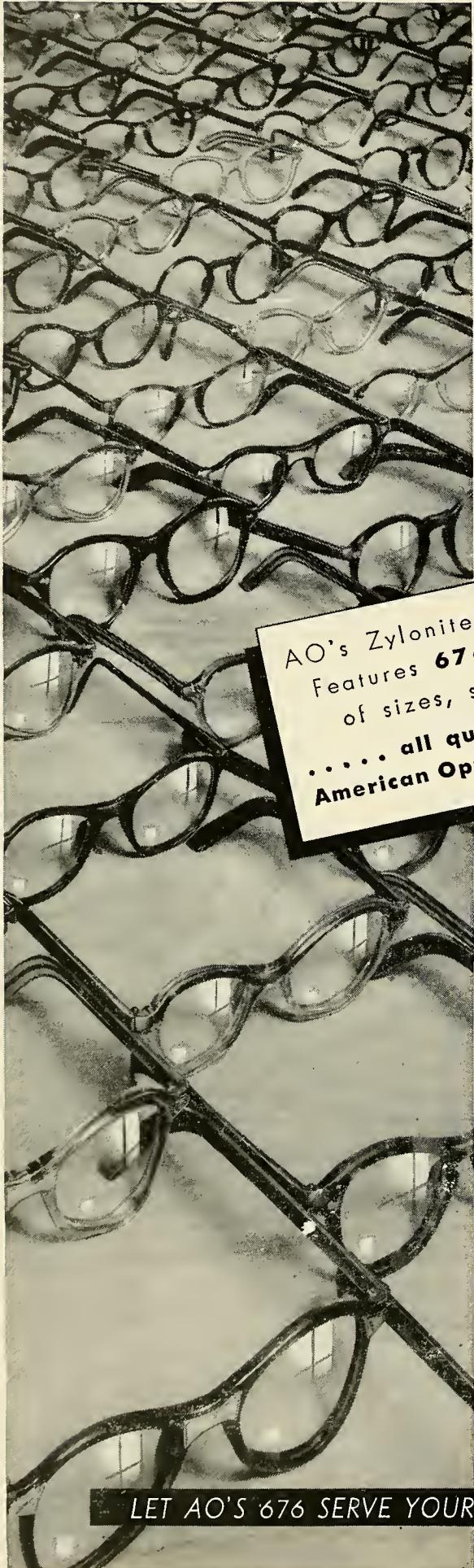
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THE EDUCATIONAL PROBLEM

by F. D. P.

As time adds History and Science to the subject matter of education the problem of what to teach and how to teach it becomes increasingly important. According to Chamberlain, author of "What Kind Of Education", we have come to the time when more than a century of study would be required for the mastery of all the subjects taught at the University. To be sure no one would aspire to so much learning, but it exists and has to be dealt with educationally. In dealing with it, the educator must use fine discrimination in judging educational values and know what science the student must have to be a success in the field of his choice. Dr. William J. Mayo, speaking before the Annual Congress on Medical Education said, "The earlier schools regarded wisdom, the application of knowledge, as being of greater importance than the mere accumulation of it. Today, he said, we are suffering from too much knowledge too widely diffused. We work our medical students seven days a week to give them a smattering of everything. Many of them in trying to do the impossible are burned out mentally before they finish school. I am glad to see Harvard and University of Pennsylvania and others have cut from their curriculum hundreds of hours of required studies that the students may have a chance to acquire wisdom instead of continuously packing in miscellaneous information." When one comes to realize the futility of trying to squeeze a century of study into the four or five college years, the curriculum becomes a matter of interest and concern. The Science of each profession, Optometry, Medicine, Engineering, or others, consists of the knowledges applicable to the problems of the field and the time given to its mastery is time well spent.

Science is the knowing; not the knowing of how to apply tests, but the knowing of why

the particular test is made and what the findings mean. Lacking the science, the practitioner will examine according to schedule. He will record his findings, type the case and prescribe as set forth in the instruction sheet. "Without science, practice is but routine born of habit." Each field of Applied Science has its art. Knowing is the Science. Doing is the Art. Lacking the science the practitioner will be easily confused with fantastic theories and balderdash. He will strive to make sense out of nonsense. He will apply tests where they are clearly contraindicated. He will be made to believe that simple things are hard to comprehend and that the more difficult things are for "master minds" only. Education is not the memorizing of facts, it is the development of the mental powers, the training of the memory and the intellect. "A monkey with a microscope is a fit emblem of the men, and unfortunately there are plenty who pass through the whole educational machinery and come out crammed with knowledge which they do not comprehend and can not use, yet they pass with themselves and others as educated men." Education is a progressive accumulative process. The lessons of today prepare the mind for the more difficult problems of tomorrow and so on throughout the school years. And after the school years, the duties of one's calling and dealing with human problems schools us to the end of our days. Science trains the individual for the doing of his part in the work of the world. Culture gives him understanding of Providence, fate, and the will of man "It leadeth to wisdom."

This is American Optometric Foundation
Month

Have YOU Joined?

OPTOMETRIC PATHOLOGY

CLASSIFICATION OF OCULAR PAIN

By Arthur O. Bruce, M.D.

Ocular pain is one of the commonest symptoms causing patients to consult oculists, ophthalmologists, and optometrists regarding eye diseases. This article will not consider headaches, but only pain in the eyeball and orbital area.

The recognition of this symptom is of importance from the standpoint of both etiology and prognosis.

One of the best general classifications of ocular pains is the one given to us by Morax. Most cases may be put under one of the following groups:—

(1) Superficial pain—Under this classification affections of the eyelids and the lacrimal apparatus are included. Under this heading come also affections of the conjunctiva and the cornea, in which there is a sensation of a foreign body as well as pain arising

from iritis and cyclitis.

(2) Deep pain—Under this group we have pain resulting from hypertension, suppurative inflammation of the eyeball, or from tenderness of retrobulbar neuritis. Also included in this category is pain attending orbital disease and that arising from implication of the fifth cranial nerve or Gasserian ganglion.

(3) Pain arising from certain neuro-pathic states which is characterized by a free secretion of tears, but absence of other ocular disease.

(4) Pain arising from eye-strain of various causes, including ophthalmic migraine.

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TO THE EDITOR . . .

Recently we sent a letter to Dr. Louis Jaques, Sr., of Los Angeles with a request of an article since he had not included the East on his recent lecture itinerary. Dr. Jaques was kind enough to send us the following reply.

(ED.)

To the Editor:

Thank you for your nice letter and the kind things which you have to say about me.

The optometry which you are learning will be very necessary for your future welfare, but do not ever be so unreal in your thinking as to feel that success in optometry depends alone upon testing eyes and fitting corrections before them. Patients will be happy, many times, with a poor correction which is accompanied by proper handling, and will complain of a perfect correction where the approach is poor.

To all undergraduate students I would offer the following two ideas as being of great importance to their future welfare:

- (1) Learn all that you can about salesmanship and practice-building.
- (2) Go out of your way to learn all about the *mechanical* aspects of your profession.

It is about the second phase that I am concerned, particularly because, among others, of the following reasons:

(A) Schools and colleges are not required (by State Boards or others who should be aware of the situation), to offer proper courses and facilities for the acquisition of knowledge and first-hand experience in the surfacing, edging, and mounting of lenses.

(B) As a consequence, the average young optometrist goes out into the world as a veritable babe in the woods. He is in a poor position to compete for recognition in his chosen field when up against some store-

keeper who is clever with his fingers in making adjustments. The same holds even more true where a physician has taken up eye work on the side, and some clever-fingered dispenser holds him up through good optical work.

(C) A knowledge of surfacing is priceless to a professional optometrist, because then he will know all of the strengths and weaknesses of the material through which he is offering his skill to the public; base curves thicknesses, prisms, compensations for unlike powers, types of polish, etc.

Students should seek means of learning this skill even if it means the giving up of much-needed time from recreation and pleasure. Find a supply house where they will allow you to work long enough to be really proficient, even if you must pay them. Maybe an older and friendly optometrist will allow you to use his shop.

(D) Every student should be proficient in edging and mounting lenses so that he shall actually know what he is talking about when he places an order for ophthalmic materia! with his supply house.

Never a day passes that we do not see sights which almost sicken a person. Poor choices of style, too wide in the pupillary measurements, segments too high or too low, are some of the errors we see. Patients vitally needed by some other optometrist have been lost to us because of a lack of a too-often-despised skill.

(E) Comfort and style in the correction are absolutely vital to success in Optometry and to learn such is not beneath any person's dignity. Witness the top-flight dentist. Suppose it were possible for him to graduate from college without learning how to drill holes and plug them up again. Where would he be as a dentist? Are we any better? What

about a surgeon? Should he spurn to learn to thread a needle? Should he shudder at the thought of sharpening a scalpel? Shouldn't he practice cutting with his left hand so that in emergency some person shall not die?

Let's be realists, Egon, and talk this up a bit.

Sincerely,
Loun Jaques, Sr., O.D

* * *

To the Editor:

Since 1906, when my father had his optometric beginnings, this occupation has come a long way. Then a 6 month course by a private tutor provided the necessary certificate for a dispenser of spectacles.

I quote from "500 Post-war Jobs for Men": "The field of optometry is emerging from a non-professional status, and its professional development is evidenced by the fact that year by year the mode of practice becomes more and more professional. Nevertheless, professional standards are not carried out by all optometrists. There are still evidences of commercialization."

True, optometry has advanced both as a science and as a profession. But don't you think that professional advancement is taking a long and random path? Recently I came across a store in a suburban neighborhood which had the optometrist's name in the following five places:

1. the door,
2. the side window,
3. the front window,
4. a neon sign in the front window,
5. a large lettered sign over the establishment.

He had no display hanging perpendicularly from the building. Perhaps he didn't desire to appear pretentious. This shows that commercial practice still exists in optometry.

Most branches of the optometric associations, I believe, are energetic. Too few of the regional societies, however, have made visible progress in banishing unbefitting practices. One of these few is Oregon's optometric association. Here progress has been

(Please turn to page 13)



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THE SCOPE

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From the Editor . . .

As springtime rolls around again, the senior classes in colleges all over the country start thinking not only about love, but more seriously than ever about their future, for graduation time is not very far off. The senior class of our school is not any different from any other senior classes and as usual with the talk of graduation there is always a lot of talk about an internship program for optometry.

This subject was in the foreground of optometric discussion groups, conventions and meetings about a year ago, but since then it has slipped back into obscurity and to our knowledge although a lot of effort was expended nothing concrete was accomplished.

We took it upon ourselves to conduct an opinion poll of representative sections of the senior and junior classes to find out just how and what they think about this controversial subject and here are the results:

Roughly about one third of both classes was included in the poll. To the questions "Are you in favor of a voluntary internship program for optometry?" and "Would you yourself intern?" 91.7% of those polled answered "YES!", 2.8% of those polled answered "No" and 5.5% reserved their decision dependent upon further information which we were unable to supply. The amount of time to be served as an interne ranged from no less than 3 months to no more than 1 year, the average being closer to one year. The average salary per week expected by the internes ranged all the way from zero to \$60.00 per week for some married men, the average being \$37.73, which certainly is not out of line with today's inflated living.

It is evident from these figures that the students of this school are overwhelmingly in favor of an internship program so that the lack of an organized internship program cannot be the fault of the students of optometry but must be laid at the door of individual optometrists and the organizations by which they are represented. We are not talking about effort in this case, for we know that a lot of work has been put into this idea, but about results, which after all are the things that count and by which success is measured. With the exception of Rhode Island, we do not know of any state that has provisions for a voluntary internship program.

To us the program is a vital cog needed in optometric education- without which we cannot get vitally needed experience—experience in facility of clinical operation, experience in the practical aspects of optometry, and experience in the art of optometry and in personal contact with the patients. This can only be properly attained behind a chair in a private office, or, as Dr. Brown

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Senior Segments

by Joseph V. Barresi, '49

As I punch the keys and watch the dust rise from my old, but faithful typewriter, many thoughts race thru a saturated volume of brain cells. They push the philosophies of Donders, Peter, Traquair, and Tscherning aside momentarily, to emerge (as they always do when I attempt to compose a new article) as great big blanks. However, to start from somewhere, I wonder if all of you numbed and weary classmates of mine have noticed that spring has come, with its sunshiny days that promises a good summer
AFTER FINALS AND BOARD EXAMS which are in the not-too-distant future.

This sun, as you know, has already teased many into hitting the softball around. In a practice game with the frosh team, the top of the first inning saw our boys Eleftherio and Emple lead off with walks. Stewart slammed a double that was followed by Kraszin's walk to the first sack. Hank Wilson flied out to short right field, and Seidel singled to drive in Emple with the second run. Joe Rockett then cracked out a two bagger, bringing up Grigutis, who, after watching three wild ones go by, watched 3 more fly past in strike territory. Four runs had gone across in this box, and if each inning following had been as good, the 12-to-7 score would have been in our favor. 'Snuff said.

EYELITES OF THE MONTH:

Remember when Emple acted as doorman when "Snapper" LEFT physic class one day? . . . When "Uncle Remus" Herman told his chilluns about vectographs . . . When Baden talked of bringing in a G. I. helmet to class for protection from falling objects . . . When MSO's ex-GI's watched part of the Army Day parade roll by on Com. Ave. with no great envy for its participants . . .

The remarks hollered to the men in the trucks were something to hear, believe me! When Dr. Cline could only get a weak re-

sponse of "I dunno" from Sam Rubin the morning after one of Sam's big nights . . . When Wilson's sandwiches were appropriated and consumed by his "friends" down the row . . . When Meagher had a candy concession. When the pyramid clubs and ladder letters went ripping through the class leaving the usual victims minus a buck. When the roar went up after Stein asked Dr. Bruce if he was going to take up pregnancy? Dr. Bruce's retort was a hearty "ha ha, that should go into the *Scope*." We are still waiting for the answer, Doc . . . When on the first day of the last exams, Grigutis was heard to comment, "Ye Gods, nine exams—why wasn't I born a protozoan?"

Did anyone see "Jockey" Ed Holman's face light up, his hyperphoric eye tort, quiver and protrude, his arms thrash about waving an imaginary racing form and pencil, as the phrase "optic tract running posteriorly" was injected into a recent lecture?

To prove that there are some hot controversies between breaks and that everyone wants to get into the act, remember when the radiator popped off steam and a stream of hot water, trying to quench a battle of verbal flames one day?

Orchids for the month go to Editor Joe Herman and his year book staff, especially the business managers. Joe has seen to it personally that the '49 edition of *Reflections* is not only a probability, but a material and financial reality. In fact, he has the first draft at the printers now. Hats off to a fellow with untiring sacrifice. Another nod of thanks and appreciation is due to our class president, Alec MacLean. Mac has the responsibilities of a prexy in a busy season. Good luck to him.

Sincere congratulations are in order to Mr. and Mrs. Bob Gabriel on the birth of a daughter. Bob still hasn't finished passing out the cigars yet.

BY'EYE.

Junior Jabs...

by Dave Koplowitz

On the Gregorian calendar, the 21st of March marks the beginning of Spring, but for our money the actions of some of our student body are a much more reliable herald or barometer of the coming of this lovely season. All winter long our faces wear a rather grim, determined look due to the assault on our minds of novel and queer definitions and explanations of various rare subjects in each of our classes, as well as itching red flannels and frozen toes. The study and assimilation of so much material seems endless and hopeless as the winter drags on. Then one day, Gallin staggers to the rear of the classroom, wrestling the collar of his race shirt open with gasping sounds; opens the windows wide, and draws in whole liters of air into his nine lungs. Then when no one lunges to get past Gallin to reclose the windows and when those grim, determined looks are replaced by haunted wistful expressions denoting visions of a seat in the bleachers of Fenway Park, we know that Spring is here. Ah yes, Spring is definitely here!

NOTES TO YOU:—

It has been suggested by our fellow students that two more classifications be added to the three types of dichromatopic color-blindness already discussed. Adhering to the wishes of our classmates, we add, therefore, the cantaloup and antelope to follow the protanope, deuteranope and tritanope.

Cantaloup:—The cantaloup, poor fellow, suffers from an inability to perceive pits and banana peels. As a result of this lamentable disability, cantaloups frequently break their legs. Cantaloupia is a symptom of high hyperopia.

Antelope:—The antelope, as the name suggests, is blind to ants. For this reason ants are often able to sneak up on these individuals and cause them much discomfort. You may be sure that if a person is pointed out

to you as having "ants in the pants", that that person is an antelope.

We happened to overhear the following conversation between a red-haired protanope and a deuteranope.

The Deuteranope: "Listen, 'Red', how come everybody calls you 'Red', when it's plain as day that your hair is yellow?"

Red-haired Protanope: "Pardon me, suh, may I point out to you that my hair happens to be gray?"

The Deuteranope (angered and pulling from his pocket a roll of bills from which he unsnaps a neutral band, made of rubber): "I'll bet you 5 gray-backs that your hair is yellow."

Red-haired protanope (trying to be witty): "It's a bet."

Just then a cantaloup, who was a high hyperope as well, happened to come drooling along. The protanope became so frightened at the sight of this hobbling and misshapen highly-hyperopic cantaloup that his hair turned gray instantly. The moral of this story is, watch out that high hyperopes don't turn your hair gray.

CURRENT EVENTS:—

After the recent pyramid craze had swept through Greater Boston, many of us were thoroughly disappointed at our failure to win the price of even one plastic millimeter ruler. From now on we expect that objects associated with the pyramids will be anathema to Bostonians. We predict that in the near future the consumption of Camels will be below that of Wings or Chelseas and that the Bunker Hill Monument will be visitorless because anything in the shape of a shaft will be too reminiscent of the pyramid clubs.

See you next month, fellers.

APRIL IS THE MONTH!

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OMEGA EPSILON PHI

by Milt Gallin

With final exams by the board, OE Phi has renewed its activities. Uppermost at this time is the pledging and initiation of freshman class members. All freshmen interested in membership have been invited to attend our meetings remaining before the annual installation and initiation banquet scheduled for late April. Because of the accelerated program their pledge period will be necessarily short, but it will be adequate inasmuch as their attendance and participation at the forthcoming meetings will facilitate mutual appraisal and decision.

For succeeding freshmen classes which are to follow a normal two-semester year, new rulings and procedures for pledging and initiation have been decided upon. All this is imperative if Zeta Chapter is to maintain full membership.

To make the first pledge meeting more enjoyable the entertainment committee has

planned a surprise program. We look forward to receiving all freshmen who have so patiently waited for the opportunity to become members of our national optometric fraternity.

In connection with the National Optometric Convention scheduled to be held in Boston this summer, Zeta Chapter is planning a luncheon for all OE Phi members. Notices and advertisements have already been circulated to ascertain the number interested so that adequate reservations may be made to accommodate the brethren. It will afford an opportunity for the meeting of both graduate and undergraduate members and should prove most informative and unifying.

With the first touch of spring already in the air, Zeta boys are limbering up for the coming softball season. You Pi Omicron boys had better get plenty of spring training if

(Please turn to page 13)

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PI OMICRON SIGMA

by Ralph I. Dinin

Another fraternal year has gone by and that means the election of new officers for the coming year. Without stuffing the ballot box, and having to use persuasive methods, other than kissing the children of the members of the fraternity of course, the following members were elected to office: Chancellor—Abe Gottesman; Vice-Chancellor—John Randolph; Exchequer (fancy, isn't it?—Al Lubin; Scribe—Gerald Davis; Corresponding Secretary—Ralph I. Dinin; Sergeant-at-Arms—Robert Kisner.

We wish these new officers the best of luck and know that they will do a very commendable job.

Plans are being made by the fraternity for a reunion luncheon of all past and present members of POS to be held tentatively on June 27, 1949, at the Statler Hotel, where the American Optometric Association is holding its national convention.

At about this time every year, the Senior Party focuses into prominence. This year's party is going to be held April 30th. Everybody get your shoes on, and get your women all prepared for this gala event.

As usual the topic of gifts has come up for the outgoing seniors. The usual mention of phoropters or complete units, or some other trivial item, has been recommended; naturally, by the members of the fraternity who do not graduate this year. The Seniors, being men of modesty, usually ask for meager presents. So, this year to satisfy their wishes, the fraternity has appointed a committee and given it an appropriation of \$35.00 to decide what gifts the 12 graduating seniors will receive.

In closing, it is the wish of the new fraternity officers that the fraternity continue forward. To do so they will need the co-operation of all members in all social and other fraternity functions. With this co-operation, we will certainly make progress.

The fraternity held its 36th annual installation banquet at the Fox and Hounds Club, on Beacon Street, Thursday night, March 31, at 8 o'clock. A capacity crowd of undergraduates, alumni, and faculty members were present to make the affair a success.

Past Chancellor Norman Ruby reviewed the fraternity's achievements of the past year, with emphasis on the importance of the fraternity becoming a life member of the American Optometric Foundation. Chancellor Ruby then introduced the toastmaster of the evening, Dave Koplowitz, whose well timed remarks made us think he was George Jessel up there and really kept the banquet in good spirits.

Between courses of a delicious steak dinner, faculty members were called upon to say something to the assemblage. (A steak dinner has to be worked for). Dean Ralph H. Green expressed his pleasure at being present and of holding the position of Grand Chancellor for the past 18 years. Dr. Green also called for plans for a reunion of all past POS members during the national convention of the AOA in Boston during the last week of June.

The faculty were then introduced, each of them adding to the enjoyment of the evening with new, and, if I may say so, old humorous anecdotes. Those who attended were Drs. Farnum, Smith, Namias, Asarkoff, Wekstein, Antanelis, Cline, and Kuhn; Messrs. Fogg, Gross, Baker and Saltzman.

The highlight of the evening was a very well presented speech by Dr. Walter I. Brown, Past President of the Massachusetts Society of Optometrists, the New England Council of Optometrists, and the American Optometric Association, Vice-President of the American Optometric Foundation, Chairman of the Massachusetts Board of Examiners in Optometry, and honorary mem-

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SAM DIOPTER, PRIVATE OPTIC

by Bud Chernoff

INSTALLMENT I

The following story consists of a personal interview with the renowned world-famous private eye, who tells it in his own words.

I was sleeping at my desk, when I heard the door bell go off. I shouted, "Come in!" The bell kept ringing. Taking my head out of the ashtray, I, Sam Diopter, opened the door. There was no one there. Quickly I surmised that something was wrong, especially since the bell was still ringing, and I remembered that I did not even possess a doorbell. Warily approaching the phone, I picked it up and my suspicions were right. It was the phone ringing. On the other end of the phone was Jane Ryan. She was one of the finest optometrists in the country, not to mention one of the prettiest dolls that a private detective like myself could ever meet. I couldn't tell what she was wearing over the phone, but I could tell she was talking. Quickly noting on my pad that she was talking to me, I fired questions at her. She kept saying "NO" until I finally got my questions back to the case. It seemed that twelve optometrists in our city alone were killed and the rest of them were staying home. Only optometrists who were practicing were being knocked off. I quickly took her address and told her not to breathe a word to anyone and that I would be right over to her office.

Snapping on my convertible sneakers, I hurried up to her office. Upon going into Jane's office I passed up the elevator. Sam Diopter doesn't need elevators to go up stairs. On reaching the 73rd floor, I saw a dog coming down the stairs. He stopped and asked me if I had a match. I stopped and asked him where Jane's office was and got the answer, "Up two flights."

When I walked into her office, I instantly sensed that something was wrong. Jane was on the floor and since there were empty chairs, I knew she was dead. Examining the body I only found two dollars and seventy cents. I also found two holes in her neck. Crushing my cigarette on my wrist, I called headquarters. They sent the meat wagon up full of cops, reporters, and salami sandwiches.

I greeted Inspector Hoover formally, and after tea we set down to business. I had already called Jane's maid, butler, insurance man, partner, and her two hundred and six secret lovers. There was only one way to handle a case like this.

I explained to Inspector Hoover that Jane was dead. Someone in the room did it. I didn't know yet who did it, but in one question I would have the guilty person. I then asked, "Who did it?" No one answered. It looked to be a tougher case than I figured.

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BOSTON, MASS.

The rat that killed her wouldn't admit it. I then changed my tactics. Since someone in the room had to have bumped her off, then someone had to have come into the building to do it. The boy friends proved they were boyfriending elsewhere. The butler was butting elsewhere. The insurance man was insurancing elsewhere, and the maid proved she was mating elsewhere. That kept going until there was only one man left. Sam Diopter was not elsewhere. I started to fire questions at myself and missed purposely. Since I was getting nowhere fast, I told Hoover to book me. I then whipped out my uranium gun, with the compartment for the secret messages and told them they would never get me, and hopped out the window. I then ran down the side of the building. Ducking through the crowd, I got away.

Getting back to my office I snapped on the lights, to be greeted by two pretty little fellahs with two pretty little blackjacks. I came to about two hours later. They had me tied up. I asked them, "Whu' happened?" They leered at me. I subtly asked them, "Why did you do that?" Then they started to talk. I knew too much. I told them I knew nothing. They smacked me and told me that for me that was too much. I then asked them who they worked for. They didn't know. They'd got a phone call to bump me off for two and a seventh grand. They tied me tightly and threw me in a car. They then drove out to the Mass. School of Optometry. They tied me to the floor right outside of the freshman class. The idea was when the bell rang, the students rushing out would trample me to death. There was no horribler way to die. The bell rang for the end of the period.

Because of limited space, this will be continued next month—perhaps.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from page 6)

made. A small emblem may be placed in the window of an *ethical* establishment. For only after subscribing to various pledges of professionalism may an optometrist receive this distinction. In addition to this method of isolating the *non-professional* practitioners, the telephone-book listing of this association's members has a special heading. Yes, a man is not only known by his deeds, but also by the company he keeps.

I believe that the students of optometry, as a large, close-knit group, have most to gain from a complete dislodgment of unethical procedures. It is they who should band together and plan the course of action.

Nature abhors a vacuum; for every loss commercialization endures, a professional practitioner may take his place in the community.

Laurence Forrest,

OMEGA EPSILON PHI

(Continued from page 10)

you're gonna make a better showing than last year.

Best wishes are extended to Pres. Hank Wilson with his new car. But an undercurrent of discontent prevails since it can't accommodate as many of the boys as his old relic could. Trust the purchase wasn't made with malice aforethought. Hank? Can't get up a decent party now, ya' know!

* * *

A doctor fell into a well
And broke his collarbone.
A doctor should attend the sick
And leave the well alone.

APRIL IS THE MONTH!

Do *YOU* know about the American Optometric Foundation program and what have *YOU* done about it?

The Eye-Opener

By Bud Chernoff
and Len Zuckerbraun

Yale men have the place where Louie dwells, Cornell men have the waters of Cayuga, B. U. men have the Charles, Harvard boys have the Radcliffe girls,—and we, dear friends, have had it. Truly, MSO's new recreation room, The College Pharmacy, has inspired the Joe College in most of us to come out. Harry Zeltzer sits in there for hours (hasn't the guy got classes?) trying vainly to blow the foam off his frappe. Harry should be an expert foam-blower-offer by now—days at the Pharmacy and nights at the Showtime. Our very versatile vice-president, Norm Becker, stands at one end of the counter and sings school songs to the boys assembled there and is rewarded by loud shouts of approval. Norm plans to put on "a college show" just as in the movies—you know the kind of show we mean. Everyone drops into the drugstore for a coke; and suddenly a twenty-piece band emerges from the phone booth, Bing Crosby starts dishing out ice-cream, hundreds of beautiful co-eds appear out of nowhere, and a set of Hawaiian hula-dancers start performing their specialty on the table tops, (O. K., Bud, now you can take a drag on this reefer). At a table at the far end sits Steve Daduk, offering friendly bits of advice to anyone who will listen. Usually this advice is brief and to the point; as a matter of fact, it seldom varies from "Drop dead!" Larry Carmen and Mike Finklestein are sprawled out all over the next table. First Larry tells Mike some of his war experiences and then Mike tells Larry some lies . . . and so passes the day.

Personalities: It seems that Ed Hessing is fast becoming the spokesman for the freshman class at all their functions. Now, if Murray Katz can dig up some jokes a little less spicy, we can have Eddie go out into the world full of women and let him amuse them too. Does anyone have the answer why Fenster and Feinblom have been looking more and more alike? There are also nasty

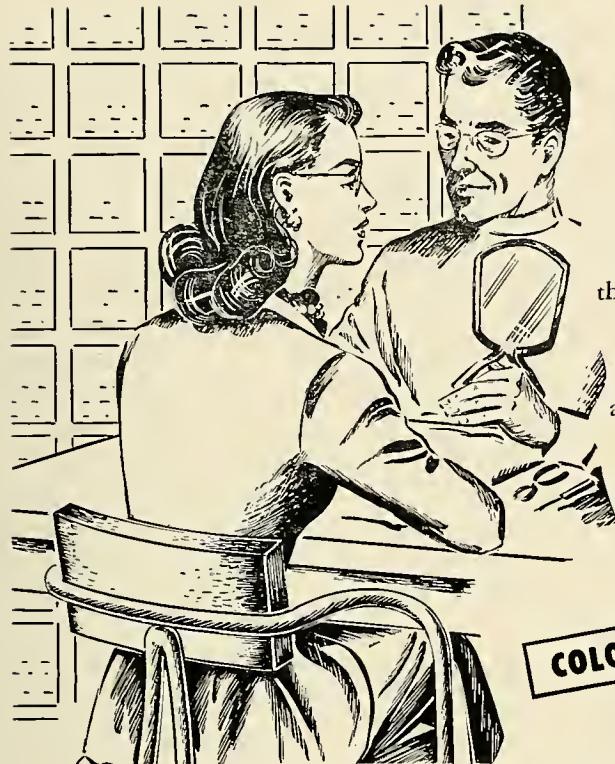
rumors going around that Murray Katz has been throwing the soft ball games, but we know it isn't so—in fact he is playing 'way over his head. Even though Mr. Gross didn't see it, I'll never stir an acid with my finger again. From now on I'll use Bloomfield's comb like everybody else, if I can grasp it with four fingers. "Muck and Mire" Finklestein is going to dissect Anthony Uva during the summer months and he promises to find the link between Phylum Blintzes and Phylum Knishes. Lou Rabinowitz says that after a few beers his girl looks like Jane Russell, but Mel Kaplan, Friedman, and Paul Weisman hold that there isn't that much beer in the world.

Roland Blanchard, Art Breen, Andrew Canzanelli, and the eminent Jim Carroll reek so badly of formaldehyde that Doctor Harris searches them every time they leave the lab. Henry Cohen isn't telling anyone, but instead of a diagram of circulation he used a map on how to get to Cheverig's house by mistake and he still passed. The Somerville crowd remains the only white hope of New Englanders to rule the Frosh class. The Dorchester crowd has been ruled out for cheating—they tried to pass Daduk off as one of their own.

What kind of strange relationship exists between Taranto, Tacelli and Tedesco? The three of them smoke one cigarette, eat one lunch and (we hear) date one girl. What will happen to the trio when one of them gets married? If our plans go to completion, Dr. Harris, Dr. Wright, Mr. Gross, Mr. Arnold and Mr. Fogg will have to take a test from us at the end of the year. Just one, that's all we ask—just one.

The grapevine has it that Red Stecher has discovered seven more arteries in that little frog monster, which never before have been listed. That made a grand total of eighty-seven arteries for Red—only fifty more than

(Please turn to page 16)



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EDITORIAL

(Continued from page 7)

recently suggested, in an efficiently run post-graduate clinic, supplied with enough outpatients and one instructor for every two internes.

We do not know whether the leaders of optometry realize it or not, but this program is most important not only to us students, but to the present practitioners as well. From the moment we enter school we are indoctrinated with the rising importance of optometry and the striven-for professionalism, the last chapter of which we, the coming leaders of optometry, are to conclude. This can only be accomplished by confidence in our chosen profession, confidence in our optometric abilities and confidence in ourselves; and these valuable assets can only be gained by experience.

It is up to the present leaders of optometry and the practitioners to decide what they want to make out of us and the profession.

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PI OMICRON SIGMA

(Continued from page 11)

ber of Pi Omicron Sigma Fraternity, who was our guest of honor. Dr. Brown reviewed the long struggle that optometry has had in rising from the age of jewelry stores and medicine men to its present high standards of ethics and professional practice, which are at their highest in Massachusetts. Dr. Brown further spoke of the service optometry provides for all, the importance of an ethical practice, the importance and value of fraternal principle and fraternal associations. Dr. Brown ended his speech on a note of optimism with the thought that in optometry we have something to be proud of.

Dr. Brown's talk was followed by the secret ritual of the fraternity, with 23 new members sworn in. The new brothers are as follows: Balan, Bloomfield, Breen, Bebergal, Bogad, Chernoff, Cohen, Kaplan, Kaminstein, Goolst, Friedman, Weissman, Stecker, Nasarallah, Rabinowitz, Hessing, Uva, Vermes, Zeltzer, Balsam, and M. Katz, all freshmen, and Kranseler, a junior.

The final business at hand was the installation of new officers. Norman Ruby gave his chancellor's portfolio to Abraham Gottesman; John Randolph took over from Leon Ginsburg as vice-chancellor; Al Lubin received the exchequer's portfolio from Joseph Barresi; Gerald S. Davis' right hand shook Gerald S. Davis' left hand as he continued in the position of Scribe; Ralph I. Dinin received the corresponding secretary's portfolio from Sanford Monsein; and Robert Kisner took over the blackjack from Irv Rapoport as Sergeant-at-Arms.

Chancellor Gottesman then made a sincere speech of acceptance, called upon some new freshman brethren to dispense their humor, which they did, and then the banquet was officially closed at a quarter to eleven. Most of the fellows went home then. Others stayed at the bar in the club, while others joined in community singing with Drs. Antanelis and Kozol playing the piano.

THE EYE-OPENER

(Continued from page 14)

anyone else in the class has. Wha' happened? They told us that Red has been reaching down into the frog barrel so often, that most of the frogs have started calling him by his first name.

Speaking of names; since the last issue of "The Scope" appeared, we, Bud and Len, have been called some first names and some others too, but that shall never deter us from reporting the truth (Who said that? Us?).

* * *

The proprietor of a commercial optical shop was instructing his son how to charge a customer. "Son", he said, "after you have fitted the glasses and the customer asks what the charge will be, you say, 'The charge is ten dollars.' Then pause to see if he flinches. If the customer doesn't, you then say, 'For the frames. The lenses will be another ten dollars.' Then you pause again, this time only slightly and watch for the flinch. If he doesn't flinch this time, say quite firmly, 'Each.'"

* * *

THE NEXT ISSUE OF "THE SCOPE"
WILL BE THE LAST ONE FOR
THIS SCHOOL YEAR.
THE NEXT ISSUE AFTER THAT WILL
APPEAR IN SEPTEMBER.

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